

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.  
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Justice of the Peace Court, second Satur-  
day in each month.

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3-52

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# FAIR PLAY.

Politically Independent—Open to all Parties—Controlled by None.

VOL. 1. STE. GENEVIEVE, THURSDAY, DEC. 26, 1872. NO. 30.

## Selected Miscellany.

### [From the Little Corporal] A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Blessed old Santa Claus! king of delights,  
What are you doing these long winter  
nights?  
Filling your budgets with trinkets and toys,  
Wonderful gifts for the girls and the boys?  
While you are planning for everything nice,  
Pray, let me give you a bit of advice.  
Don't take it hard, if I say in your ear,  
Santa, I think you were partial, last year;  
Lending the rich folks with everything nice,  
Snubbing the poor ones who came in your  
way.  
Now, if I leave every year in December,  
They are the ones I would surely remember.  
Little red hands, that are aching with cold,  
You should have mitted your fingers to hold;  
Poor little feet, with your frost-bitten toes,  
You should be clothed in the warmest of hose;  
Of the dark hearth I would kindle a light,  
Till the sad faces were happy and bright.

Don't you think, Santa, if all your life  
through,  
Someone had always been sitting for you,  
Watching to guard you a night and by day,  
Giving you gifts you could never repay,  
Sometimes, at least, you would wish to re-  
call,  
That many children have nothing at all?  
Safe in your own quiet chamber at night,  
Cozy and warm in your blankets so white,  
Wouldn't you think of the shivering forms,  
Out in the cold, and the wind and the storm?  
Wouldn't you think of the babies that cry,  
Pining in hunger and cold till they die?

Once on a beautiful Christmas, you know,  
Jesus, our Savior, was born here below;  
Patiently stopping to hunger and pain,  
So He might save us, the lost ones from shame;  
Now, if we love Him, He bids us to feed  
All His poor brothers and sisters who need.

Blessed old Nick! I was sure if you knew it,  
You would remember and certain I do it;  
This year, at least, when you empty your pack,  
Pray give a portion to all who may lack;  
Then, if you chance to have anything over,  
Bring a small gift to your iron door.

### There Is Where He Had Him.

BY BRICKTOP.

To have an enemy where it's worth  
only second to having a chance to get  
a large flock of the article at his  
expense, and it may safely be said  
that one half of the world is, and al-  
ways has been, engaged in the natu-  
ral, and of course laudable, struggle  
to get the other half "where the wool  
is short," paradoxically hoping there-  
by to get a good crop for their  
trouble.

It may be altogether unnecessary  
to state that all are not successful in  
the struggle.

Why am I like one of the greatest  
men that ever lived, at this particular  
period of my breathing spell?

Of course you give it up; I almost  
resign it myself.

Well, it is because "that reminds  
me of a little story."

The heroes of that little story are  
two, one of whom is Deacon Sharp, a  
rich, close, rapacious old screw of a  
farmer, and Harry Bean, a sharp,  
honorable somewhat confiding, but  
on the whole a very good fellow.

Harry was sort of a stock specu-  
lator; that is to say, he speculated in  
cattle when there was nothing else to  
do or speculate in. He was a "bear"  
in the market, and Deacon Sharp was  
a short-horned "bull" of the most ul-  
tra type.

But Harry was also a farmer in a  
small way, and sweat his brow (when  
he wasn't speculating, mind you) on  
land not far removed from the dea-  
con's farm.

Deacon Sharp was continually, in  
church, and out of church, parading  
his honesty, and it he said or did a  
thing, he particularly wished to be  
held to it. If he warranted a thing  
it must be all right anyway.

Well, one day Harry Bean found a  
chance where he could sell a yoke of  
oxen, and thinking he might make a  
few dollars by the transaction, he re-  
solved to wait on the deacon and see  
what he had to sell.

"I want a nice yoke of oxen, Dea-  
con Sharp. Now, let me see what you  
have to sell," said he.

"Well, you know, Mr. Bean, that I  
do not raise stock to sell as a general  
thing; that is to say, I don't make  
a business of it; but if I can be the

means of putting a few dollars in your  
pocket, why I ought not to object.  
Go out to the barn, and see if there  
is anything that will suit your tas-  
tomer; if there is, I will put them to  
you at a low figure."

The stock of "pairs" was but little  
better than was Hobson's choice, for  
only two yokes were there, and only  
one of them would fill the bill so far  
as looks were concerned. But the  
"low figure" Harry thought the high-  
est low he had ever heard of, and yet  
as he could find nothing better with-  
out going some distance away, he  
concluded to take them, and pay the  
price.

He turned them over to his custom-  
er, and made twenty dollars by the  
operation, and was disposed to re-  
gard the affair as not a bad spec, after  
all. But at the end of a week the  
oxen to whom he had sold the oxen  
brought them back and demanded  
his money, saying he would not have  
them at any price. In fact, they  
were too bad to make any beef of.

Harry ventured to ask what their  
failings were, when the man offered  
to bet the price of them that he could  
not mention a bovine failing that they  
did not possess. This was soon de-  
monstrated to Harry, and reluctant-  
ly he paid back the purchase money.

Then he went to Deacon Sharp and  
complained of the transaction as be-  
ing like those called dishonest in  
worldly people, and asked him to  
"swat back."

"Not at all, Mr. Bean. You took  
the oxen as you found them. If you  
are a judge of oxen I must not be  
the loser from it; I did not warrant  
them."

"Because you did not ask me," was  
the deacon's cool reply.

Harry returned home a wiser, if  
not a better man. The deacon had  
him where the wool was short; that  
was all, and he must grin and bear  
it. So he consoled himself with the  
idea of the two oxen as he could, and  
then plausibly drove them to market,  
not losing heavily by it after all.

A few weeks after that he called on  
deacon again.

"Deacon, I haven't cows enough;  
I'd like to buy a couple if you have  
them to sell."

"Yes, Mr. Bean; I have a couple of  
cows that I will sell, and what is  
more, I will warrant them, and you  
know that I can, and always do, make  
my warrants good."

Then they went out to the  
barn and saw the cows.

"How much for those two cows?"  
asked Harry.

"One hundred dollars; and cheap  
at that."

"Oh, nonsense! Cheap! when?  
They are worth it."

"Yes, they are, worth every dollar  
of it. They are nice, young cows, in  
prime condition, and they will both  
begin to give milk in about two  
months."

"Can't help it. I'll give you sixty  
dollars for them."

"No, sir never. You are trifling  
with me."

"I can't afford it; besides you know  
I lost heavily on those oxen."

"But I didn't warrant them  
these I do."

"I'll tell you what I'll do deacon,  
I'll pay you fifty dollars now and for-  
ty when I milk them the first time."

"Well, Mr. Bean, I am not disposed  
to be too hard with you; I'll take you  
at your word. Come in and we'll  
make out the writings," and the good  
man led the way to the house.

Everything was arranged, and  
Harry drove the cows home.

He drove them still further.

About three months afterwards  
Harry and the deacon met by chance.

"Well, Mr. Bean, it is time I re-  
ceive that forty dollars."

"For what, Deacon Sharp?" he asked,  
innocently.

"For those cows. You know you  
only paid me fifty dollars."

"Did I agree to pay you any  
more?"

"Certainly, you was to pay me forty  
dollars when you milked them. I  
have your name to that agreement."

## The Open Polar Sea.

In the excitement attending the  
Presidential election, the circular of  
Dr. Petermann of Gotha, printed in  
the *Chronicle* a few days ago, has not  
received the attention that in a differ-  
ent season would certainly have been re-  
served upon it. For years past the  
existence of an open polar sea has  
been a constant subject of dispute  
among geographers, those who be-  
lieve in it walking by faith and not by  
sight. Dr. Kane, the fearless Ameri-  
can explorer, declared that there was  
a great sea northward, whose waters  
were free from ice, but his evidence  
was given as second hand, and was  
received with doubt. Later another  
voyager from Philadelphia, Dr. Hayes,  
told in his first volume of Arctic ex-  
plorations of his discovery of an ar-  
ctic polar sea with no visible north-  
ern shore, which he and a single com-  
panion had reached by a sledging jour-  
ney across the ice fields, penetrating  
as far as Cape Constitution, in latitude  
82 deg. 72 minutes north and 63 west.

Hayes' story was also doubted, and  
most of all by those who had made an  
especial study of the subject, though  
the evidence was good enough for the  
general public. But now we have a  
report which altogether corroborates  
the stories of Kane and Hayes. Capt.  
Nils Johnson, a Norwegian sailor,  
cruising to the east of Spitzbergen on  
a whaling voyage, reached the land  
known by the maps by the appropri-  
ate title of Wheland; which land, as  
Dr. Petermann says, has "for two  
hundred and fifty six years been dan-  
ced about upon different places of the  
map." It was first reached by Cap-  
tain Almann, a year or so before, and  
now the second time by Captain John-  
son, who landed and narrowly explor-  
ed it. Anchoring at a point 79 de-  
grees 15 minutes north latitude, and  
89 degrees 15 minutes east longi-  
tude, he found the whole sea to south  
and east and north-east entirely open.

He sailed along the coast for two days  
and a night, and only on the north  
coast was there any ice. Ascending  
a mountain from which he obtained a  
view over a wide circuit, he saw the  
ocean lying to the east, and northeast,  
as far as the eye could reach wholly  
destitute of ice.

These observations of Captain John-  
son are of no little importance, and  
they lead us to hope that Hall and  
Pavy, who have gone out so much  
better fitted for Arctic explo-  
rations than the Norwegian whaler  
with his little twenty-six ton yacht,  
may bring us back some knowledge  
quite worth having. Some of the  
most important discoveries made by  
Johnson relate to the flora and fauna  
of those far northern lands; he saw  
birds, seals, and reindeer in abun-  
dantly, but he says nothing about  
whales. He also saw great piles of  
driftwood along the shore, some of  
them heaped twenty feet above high  
watermark. A careful observation  
of this drift would scarcely fail to  
materially enlarge our knowledge of  
the current of the Arctic sea, a  
knowledge for the lack of which much  
effort has been wasted.—*Germanischen  
Chronicle.*

## Shall We Have a Constitutional Convention?

We observe that a good many of  
our exchanges are discussing the ad-  
visability of a constitutional conven-  
tion. A great majority of the Dem-  
ocratic newspapers favor the calling  
of a convention, and we believe the  
people desire it. The present consti-  
tution is not fit for a great state like  
Missouri. Our people desire a con-  
stitution more liberal in its nature,  
and less partisan in its construction.  
If Missouri has made such rapid  
 strides, under the present consti-  
tution, what strides would she make  
under a constitution that would be  
more in keeping with the spirit of  
the times? If our population has  
increased so rapidly under the pres-  
ent constitution, what an increase  
would there be under a constitution,  
having for its object the welfare of  
the people, and the interests of the  
whole people? It is true, the hold-  
ing of a convention would cost the  
people quite a sum, yet when such  
great benefits would result from it  
we believe the people would be, and  
are now willing, to incur such an ex-  
pense. In all probability this ques-  
tion will soon engross the attention  
of our state, and it is right that the  
people should calmly consider the  
matter, and when the time comes,  
properly decide, whether or not we  
shall have a constitutional conven-  
tion.—*Platteville Hill Review.*

## How I Became a Temperance Man.

In my young days I used to con-  
sider quite freely, although I never  
was a hard drinker. A thorough  
knowledge of the business, and a  
good capacity, made it easy with me.  
It was no work at all, and I would  
rather drink than not.

I have done more deep thinking  
and scheming and planning to lay  
out a day's campaign for drinks,  
than would have been necessary to  
have procured a successful mili-  
tary expedition into an enemy's coun-  
try.

I would lay out my line of march,  
and rush up and down the front of  
well-known saloons, and happen in so  
many different places in such a short  
space of time, that I really astonished  
my acquaintances.

In the morning there would be the  
lunch houses to visit, which was pos-  
sible, for I often had to go  
through every one of them from one  
end of the city to the other before  
finding the gentleman I was looking  
for, and I never would have found  
him if some one hadn't asked me to  
take a drink. But those were the  
truly happy days.

Since I have risen to opulence, and  
been able to walk into a saloon and  
order, with a certainty of not being  
kicked out, I have found there is  
more real pleasure in pursuit than in  
possession.

The man who has no ambition, but  
to keep his belly full, and do that, too,  
on the least amount of work possible,  
is truly happy. If he don't see be-  
yond his nose, he thinks he has  
everything.

But I digress. My wife never saw  
me drunk, but once, and it affected  
her so I could not have the heart to  
repeat it.

I will never forget that evening,  
it was pretty tight when I got home;  
but in less than fifteen minutes I was  
perfectly sober.

She had been sweeping, and was sit-  
ting in the room with a broom in her  
hand.

As I entered the house, she smelled  
my breath, and it threw her into hys-  
terics.

The broom began flying about,  
and she commenced dancing.

I endeavored to quiet her nerves,  
but it was no use. She was too bad-  
ly frightened, and I started to leave,  
but soon her or other the broom,  
stuck came in contact with my head,  
and broke it—the broomstick—in two.

It was a new instrument that I had  
made her a present of the day we  
went to housekeeping, and I felt so  
sorry for her that I fell down on the  
floor unconscious.

When I came to, the neighbors had  
me stretched out on a sofa, and were  
bathing my head with cold water.

My eyes were both black—they are  
naturally gray—and terribly swollen.

The accident to the broom came  
near proving fatal with me.

But I got well, and never said any-  
thing to her about it. I was so sorry  
for her I could not. But I have been  
very careful since not to frighten her.

I never travel for health, but have  
made some voyages for the pleasure  
of enjoying spree.—*Commodore Rol-  
ling-pin's Nautical Almanac.*

## Snipe on Toast.

I had some snipe on toast in Phil.  
I saw on a bill of fare;  
"SNIPES ON TOAST, 60 CENTS."

Snipe on toast would be almost too  
hearty food to feed people on who  
had been feasting on a raft three  
weeks feeding on old boot legs. Says  
I to the waiter, "Give me snipe on  
toast." By and by he came in and put  
down some toast, and I kept on read-  
ing about what an almighty donkey  
Grant was, and what a colossal vil-  
lain Greeley was, and what a ridicu-  
lous set every one is who is running for  
office; and I set there an hour. Then  
I rang the gong. The waiter entered  
and says I, "Where is thunder is my  
meat?"

Says he, "They've been on the table  
an hour."

Says I, "I didn't order plain toast;  
I want snipe on it."

Says he, "There is a snipe on it."  
Then I drew close up to the table,  
and I saw a little black speck on the  
toast, and says I, "You'll swear that's  
a snipe?"

Says he, "Yes."

Says I, "You'd make a good linen  
buyer, you would."

Says he, "It's snipe on toast any-  
how."

Says I, "How did it get on?"

Says he, "That snipe is all right.  
It's a full-sized one to."

Says I, "I'm glad of it. I'm glad  
you told me that's a full-sized snipe  
for you know, young man, when I  
sat out there reading I saw a black  
speck on the toast, but I took it for a  
fly, and I'm glad to be informed it's a  
snipe—a full-sized snipe. Now  
you can take that snipe away and  
bring me a turkey on toast; and dare  
I'll eat a full-sized turkey on toast."

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.

Rates of Advertising:  
One square, 10 words, one insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, 50 cents  
Business cards, 1 inch space, per year, \$5.00  
One column, one year, \$20.00  
One half column, one year, \$10.00  
One square, one year, \$5.00  
Displayed advertisements, charged by  
the inch.  
All transient advertising must be  
paid for in advance.  
Selling nearly advertisements possible, but  
not in advance.

## Incidents and Accidents.

Three thousand species of grass  
are now known to botanists.

Thomas Ferry was crushed to  
death by a falling stone at Mineral  
Point, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Amy R—, of Iowa, weighs  
352 pounds. No man will marry her  
for fear of big Amy.

The death of Mrs. A. Whipple, of  
Portland, Wisconsin, was caused by  
putting a corn too closely.

Mr. Green was choked to death at  
Aurelia, Iowa, by getting a chicken  
bone fastened in his throat.

A Lewiston, Me., lady lately drove  
her yoke of oxen up to a millinery  
store and went in to do her shop-  
ping.

Handling green velvet poisoned a  
lady at Sharpville, Ind. Before she  
found it out she kissed her little boy,  
and he is also suffering.

A four-year-old daughter of W.  
Judd was burned to death near  
Milton, Wis., the other day, by her  
clothing taking fire from a stove.

Near St. Charles, Mo., the other  
night, a shanty was burned, and the  
inmates, a man, woman and girl be-  
ing drunk, were burned to death.

A young lady of Gratiot, Mich.,  
still a minor, has two husbands liv-  
ing, to each of whom she has been  
married twice within a few months.

Massilon, O., is small, but has 121  
widows and 200 marriageable girls.  
If any young man is desirous of  
leaving a widow, Massilon is the  
place.

A little daughter of Mr. Jones, of  
Franklin County, Iowa, upset a pan  
of hot gravy on her head, which  
scalded her so severely she died a few  
days after.

Mrs. Eliza Lyman will furnish the  
lumber for the water-tanks and build-  
ings of a new railroad in Vermont,  
and after that she will work under con-  
tract herself.

Not to be outdone by Chicago and  
Boston, Buffalo boasts of the total  
reduction to ash of twenty thousand  
tons of ice by the burning of a mon-  
ster ice-house there last week.

Israel White, night watchman at a  
whale-barrow factory in Coldwater,  
Mich., fell on a buzz saw and was in-  
stantly killed, the saw cutting  
through the skull into the brain.

An infant child of Mr. and Mrs.  
Wyming, of Brookville, Ind., was ac-  
cidentally burned to death in its cradle  
by a youngster two years old, during  
the absence of their parents.

While two young men and three  
young ladies were crossing the Chat-  
tahochee River, above Columbus,  
Miss., the other day, the boat cap-  
sized, and the three ladies were  
drowned.

A little daughter of Michael Deer-  
ing, of Muskegon, Mich., was ac-  
cidentally hanged by her clothing be-  
coming entangled around her neck,  
while at play on a balcony, and was  
strangled to death.

A Mrs. Campbell, of Concord, Tenn.,  
recently left the house for a few  
minutes, trusting her little child to a  
nurse. During her absence the  
nurse had a fit, and tumbled into the  
fire with her charge, both being  
burned to death.

At an English funeral, the other  
day, one of the six bearers slipped  
and fell; the others dropped the cof-  
fin and fell upon the prostrate man  
in such a manner as to inflict injuries  
of which he died in a week.

Mr. A. H. Kunkel, of Lawrence,  
Kan., in a fit of mental depression,  
last week, proceeded to the cemetery  
where his wife was buried about a  
year ago, and removed all but his  
under clothing, laid down by her  
grave, only to be found next day too  
far gone to be saved.

Julia Smead, 18 years of age, was  
shockingly burned in Cleveland,  
while fighting a fire in a gasoline  
store. Her clothes were burned off,  
also her hair, and the flesh of her  
body was roasted, except where the  
corsets were fastened around her,  
she was terribly burned as to  
deeper all sensibility.